

See; \$1.31 to \$1.36 for No. 1 spring, \$1.23 to \$1.41 for sound new and old winter red western; \$1.21 to \$1.45 for amber do; \$1.32 to \$1.52 for white western.

Wheat quiet; receipts 3,000 bushels; sales none. Corn, the market is reported heavy; receipts 67,000 bushels; sales 51,000 bushels; 60c. to 70c. for steamer western mixed; 70c. to 70c. for sail do; 71c. to 72c. for high mixed and yellow.

Barley; dull, drooping; receipts \$56,000 bushels; sales 20,000; \$1 to \$1.15 common to prime 4 rowed state.

Oats quiet; receipts 113,000 bushels, sales 36,000 bushels; 37c. to 47c. for new mixed and white; 15c. to 52 for white.

Pork firm; \$21.75 to \$21.85.

Lard 14c. to 14c. for steam.

Butter 22c. to 23c. state and Pa.

Cheese 6c. to 13c. for common to prime.

Business Directory.

OFFICERS OF DOMINION GRANGE.

Worthy Master Bro. S. W. Hill, Ridgeville, Ontario

Overseer.—Bro. H. Leet, Danville, Quebec.

Lecturer.—Bro. A. Gilford, Meaford, Ontario.

Steward.—Bro. S. E. Phillips, Schomberg, Ontario

Assistant Steward.—Bro. H. S. Loscoe, Norwich, Ontario

Chaplain.—Bro. Wm. Cole, Sarnia, Ontario

Treasurer.—Bro. Adam Nichol, London, Ontario

Secretary.—Bro. Thomas W. Dyas, Toronto, Ontario

Gatekeeper.—Bro. R. I. Galer, Dunham, Quebec.

Ceres.—Sister Eaton, Napance.

Pomona.—Sister Whittlaw, Meaford.

Flora.—Sister Palmer, New Durham

Lady Assistant Steward.—Sister Loscoe, Norwich, Ontario.

Executive Committee.—Bros. W. F. Campbell, Brantford; J. Manning, Schomberg, Capt. J. Burgess, Masonville; C. C. Abbott, Abbott's Corners, P. Q.; B. Payne, Delaware.

OFFICERS OF LONDON DIVISION GRANGE

Master—Fred'k Anderson, Wilton Grove, Ont.

Overseer—Jonathan Jarvis, Ingersoll

Lecturer—Wm. Weld, "Farmer's Advocate," London.

Steward—W. J. Anderson, Fernhill.

Assistant Steward.—Duncan McLean, St. Thomas.

Chaplain—Sam'l Hunt, Lambeth.

Treasurer.—Benj. Payne, Delaware.

Secretary.—Wm. L. Brown, Hylo Park

Gatekeeper.—Geo. E. Jarvis, Byron.

Ceres.—Mrs. Jarvis, Byron.

Pomona.—Mrs. Choate, Ingersoll.

Flora.—Mrs. Brown, Hylo Park.

Lady Assistant Steward.—Miss Jarvis, Ingersoll.

Executive Committee.—D. McKenzie, Hylo Park, Sam'l Hunt, Lambeth; Thos. Choate, Ingersoll

Will Secretaries of other Divisions please furnish us with a list of their officers for publication?

NEW GRANGES.

Masters and Deputies who organize Granges will confer a favor on us, and likewise be a benefit to the Order at large, by sending the name of the Grange, officers, &c., as soon as possible.

DIVISION GRANGES.

19 Lennox and Addington—James Daily, Master, Newburgh; W. N. Harris, Secretary, Napance.

20 Simcoe, County of Simcoe—Charles Drury, Master, John Darby, Secretary, Barrie.

SUBORDINATE GRANGES.

233. Moncreiff—James Livingston, Master, Moncreiff; Alex. Stewart, Secretary, Grey.

234. Newry, County of Huron—Henry Smith, Master, Newry; G. Richmond, Secretary, Newry.

235. Town Line, Amaranth, County of Dufferin—Thomas W. Myers, Master, Shelbourne; John W. Stone, Secretary, Shelbourne.

236. Flower of the Forest, County of Huron—D. McDonald, Master, Molsworth; Arch. McDonald, Secretary, Molsworth.

237. Archerton, County of Simcoe—Wm. Kerr, Master, Elmvald; John Barnett, Secretary, Elmvald.

238. Liskard, County of Durham—Thomas Staples, Master, Liskard; R. Staples, Secretary, Liskard.

A new Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry was organized at the residence of Mr. Thomas Fitzsimons, Thornedale, on Tuesday last, by Mr. J. Brown, Master of Cherry Grove Lodge assisted by Mr. Forsythe. The following officers were elected:—

Master, Mr. Robert McGuffin; Overseer, Mr. Robert Fitzsimons; Lecturer, Mr. Solomon Vining; Steward, Mr. Thomas Hogg; Assistant Steward, Mr. George Holland; Chaplain, Mr. Edward Largo; Treasurer, Mr. Richard Logan, Secretary, Mr. George Bryan. Gate Keeper, Mr. Thomas Chalmers, Pomona, Mrs. Robert McGuffin, Ceres, Mrs. Thomas Fitzsimons, Flora, Miss Annie McGuffin, Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Mary A. Bryan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—About the candidate you mention who was reported unfavorable by the committee, you were perfectly right in demanding a ballot. If the reception or rejection of a candidate rested with the committee, a ballot would be no use at all; on the contrary, if the candidate is found unworthy by the committee, they have the rejection in their own hands when balloting.

M. S. T.—The election would be illegal and also the rejection, so that the candidate could again apply for admission.

DEAR GRANGER.—Would you kindly inform me if our Society or any Grange is entitled to be incorporated under the general act and o' lige Toronto, Oct. 4, 1875. G.F.S.

[No. We do not think it could come under the provisions of the Act (Con. Stat. Canada, Cap. 71) Respecting Charitable, Philanthropic and Provident Associations, nor of 37th Vic., Cap. 34. It has always been the wish of the writer to see our Association incorporated, and it will be one of the objects of the GRANGER to advocate the obtaining a special Act for that purpose.—ED. GRANGER.]

NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within the window's scant recess,
Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
From patient hour to patient hour

As woman-like as marble is,
As woman-like as death might be—
A terrible death condemned to make
A feat at life perpetually

Wondering, I watch to pity her,
Wondering, I go my restless ways,
Content, I think the untamed thoughts
Of free and solitary days.

Until the mournful dusk begins
To drop upon the quiet street,
Until upon the pavement far
There falls the sound of coming feet—

The sound of happy, hastening feet,
Tender as kisses on the air—
Quick as if touched by unseen lips,
Blushes the little statue there,

And woman-like as young life is,
And woman like as joy may be,
Tender with color, litho with love,
She starts, transfigured gloriously.

Superb in one transcendent glance—
Her eyes, I see, are burning black—
My little neighbor, smiling, turns
And throws my unasked pity back.

I wonder is it worth the while
To sit and sew from hour to hour,
To sit and sew with eyes of black
Behind a pink geranium flower?
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

(Written Specially for the Granger.)

BY R. F. B.

Second class to Carlisle, night express, I took my ticket, and, hurrying down the platform, secured my place just as the train was moving out of the station.

Now, amongst my numerous faults, and failings, I possess a bearish unsocial proclivity for traveling alone, and when I perceived that, in the hurry of the moment, I had unwittingly become the fellow traveller of another man, my first impulse was to change into another carriage, but the now rapid rate of the train nipped my unsocial project in the bud.

As I was fairly "looked for it," like a philosopher as I am, I accepted the inevitable, and, wrapping myself in my travelling rug with a haughty reserve, stretched myself for a sleep on the opposite seat, determining to ignore as far as possible the existence of a second person in the compartment. Naturally, before closing in slumber, my eyes wandered over in the direction of my fellow traveller, as the only object of languid interest that presented itself.

A closer scrutiny of his face revealed to me a man of striking appearance and expression, and, to judge from his shoulders, of large and powerful frame. His features, embosomed as they were in a mass of coal black hair, were invisible, with the exception of a well formed but somewhat pronounced aquiline nose, while his eyes, jet black, bright and piercing, at once struck an observer as indicative of nervous energy and resolute determination.

As I lay, glancing at him from time to time, the impression began to steal over me that somewhere and at some bygone time we had met. Where and when was it I had seen him before? I raked up all the prominent events and incidents of my past life for the last few years, but to no purpose. Still, memory, like a will of the wisp, would keep flashing before my mind's eye—treacherous jabs that she is—the hazy conviction that, at some time and on some occasion we had met, but to identify him with anyone that I had previously known was impossible. At last I gave up the attempt and put down the idea as one of the tricks of fancy.

Just as I had come to this conclusion, the subject of my observation, after taking a brief and apparently unconcerned survey of me, spoke.

"Going far?"

"To Carlisle," I answered.

Directly he spoke, my impression of a prior acquaintance vanished like mist before the gale. The voice I certainly had never heard, and the face—well, when I began to examine it more closely, had deceived me.

He did not renew this brief attempt at conversation, and, left again to my own thoughts, I shut my eyes and commenced to wander through other fields and avenues of thought.

This time my cogitations took a more pleasing and tangible complexion. I thought of a pair of brown eyes, whose natural brightness would be enhanced about seven hours hence, and, with very pardonable "spooniness" of a married man of one year's standing, commenced to wonder what my wife—delightful idea of proprietorship to the newly married mind—would be doing without me. A few glasses of good "October," which I had imbibed with sundry friends before starting, were not bad physical accompaniments to such soothing and pleasant thoughts, and, ere long, under the combined influence of the "nut-brown" eyes (pardon me for using such a simile) and ale, I gradually sunk into sleep.

I awoke up with a start after one of those disturbed, dreamful, broken railway sleeps, just as we glided into a station, and stopped at the platform. I rose to my feet, and, looking at my watch, ascertained that I had slept more than five hours, and that, consequently, we were nearing the end of our journey.

My fellow traveller was still sitting in almost exactly the same place as when I went to sleep, and as I rose to look at my watch by the light of the lamp, looked up from some brochure he had been perusing, and spoke.

"What station is this?"

"Lancaster, I believe," I replied.

"We are not far from Carlisle, I suppose," he asked.

"An hour and a half will take us to Carlisle," I answered.

"An hour and a half," he repeated absently to himself. "It is so long since I have travelled this road that I have almost forgotten the stations."

"Indeed," I replied, "I suppose you have been abroad?"

"No, I have been out of the world," answered my fellow-traveller, in a solemn and sepulchral voice. "Aye, buried alive in a living tomb," he continued, as if speaking to himself.

"I liberty is awed," I replied, at a loss to account for this strange outburst.

"Yes, doubtly so, aye a thousandfold so when one has been denied it for years," he replied with increasing vehemence. "Imprisoned, cabled and confined within four bare walls, denied almost the blessed light of heaven."

"You have been unfortunate," I answered, wondering whether I was travelling with an ex-convict or an escaped lunatic.

This latter surmise received an unpleasantly strong confirmation when, after a short pause, he suddenly commenced, in a calm and argumentative voice.

"Now, what is your opinion of a lunatic. I suppose you hold the usual mistaken idea that they are dangerous to society, and should be deprived of their liberty. For my part, I consider them, in nine cases out of ten, to be most estimable people, overruled by a tyrannical majority.

He paused for an answer and looked at me with what I thought a peculiarly wild expression. Knowing the importance of humoring him, I answered.

"I thoroughly agree with you. I consider many persons have been most unjustly deprived of their liberty. I verily believe many private asylums to be nothing else but hells on earth, to use strong language.

This answer appeared to awaken a new train of thought in his mind, for he answered in a vehement and excited tone.

"Yes, you hit the right nail on the head there. Dens of infamy that they are, and it is I that know it to my bitter cost. Thank God! I have broken the bonds and burst the fetters. Yes," he continued, suddenly becoming calm again, "I suppose, according to the orthodox term, I am an escaped lunatic."

All remaining doubt as to the real character of my fellow traveller now vanished. His last statement confirmed what his wild look and incoherent jargon indicated. I was in the same compartment with an escaped, and, in all probability, dangerous lunatic. I knew my best plan was to humor him by appearing to agree with everything he said, and, at the same time, keep his mind engaged by argument, so I replied.

"Very true; it is my opinion that many of such places are a disgrace to our civilization. But, after all, who is to decide when a man is a lunatic, how can you define the term?"

"That is just what I say," he answered, apparently quite taken up with the new idea; "every man may be said, more or less, to be a lunatic, according to the strict meaning of the term. I look at it in this way. It simply goes by numbers. The so-called sane people are in the majority, they imprison and deprive their insane fellow-creatures of their liberty. If we were in the majority, and vice versa, our masters in a minority, we would be sane and they the lunatics."

"I consider that many very estimable persons have been deprived of their liberty simply from being slightly peculiar in their manner of living," I answered, but resuming my plan of argument, "what is your opinion of eccentricity?"

"Well, I consider it, in many cases, to be a sign of superior strength of mind. A man scorns to jog along in the old beaten track, like a beast of burden, and has sufficient strength of mind to step out of it and let his actions be guided by independence and freedom of thought."

"I quite agree with you," I replied. "After all, what slaves we all are to custom."

To this my fellow-traveller did not answer, but remained silent for a few minutes, and then recommenced, but on a totally different subject. Looking up from the floor, where he had been gazing and muttering to himself, he suddenly blurted out without any preface,

"Can you lend me a razor?"

"Now for what legitimate purpose a man could want with such an article, under the present circumstances and in that place, did not appear very plain to me, and I naturally concluded that, to accede to his request, would be exceedingly unadvisable, so I commenced,

"I beg your pardon, but I really have not got one with me."

"But he was not thus to be put off."

"Have no razor, and shave, do you scrape yourself with a pen-knife?"

My first fib, tottering to its fall, naturally required another to pick it up.

"Well, I am very sorry, but I believe I have forgotten it."

"Come now, no prevarication; you are lying. I want that razor and I intend to have it," he said, roughly. He had risen in a threatening manner to his feet, and I saw, for the first time, that he was a big powerful man, half a head taller than me, to make a struggle would have been madness. My only plan was to give it him.

"Well, I can look," I said.

I reluctantly opened my carpet bag, and, as all luck would have it, the topmost article was my dressing case.

"Try that," he said, with a sardonic grin, pointing to the article in question, and still standing over me.

Of course the razor was in its place when I opened the case. He stretched out his hand eagerly for it, and discarding a hastily formed idea of throwing it out of the window, I handed it to him.

"Now that's what I call common sense on your part," he said, re-acting himself and handling the razor like a child playing with a toy; then opening it he felt the edge critically.

"Mind don't spoil the edge," I said, anxious to resume a conversation.

"Now confess," he said, suddenly, fixing his piercing eyes full upon me, "am't you half scared to death?"

"Why should I be? What is there to be frightened of?" I replied, with an assumed carelessness of tone I was far from feeling.

"I suppose you think I am going to take a dry shave?" he replied, sarcastically.

"Something of that sort, I suppose."

"Would to God it were only that," he answered, excitedly and earnestly, "oh that an inexorable destiny did not impel me to use this razor upon you in the way it has been foreordained."

My blood curdled. I was horror struck. His rhapsody pointed me out as the victim of some murderous action. My head swam, a sickening sensation came over me, and all my schemes for keeping him engaged in conversation were dashed to the winds. I sat in a kind of stupor.

"Well, after all," he continued, again drifting away into speculation, "what is this life to a man of reflection? A weary, dreary, dismal, monotonous round of care and trouble, just turning a crank of hateful drudgery; a mere mill horse existence, round and round, till one drops down, worn out with the so-called duties of life."

(To be Continued.)

VALUE OF SHORTHORN BULLS

The following extract from an address by Chas. Lowder written in the Iowa Live Stock Gazette—

Bulls are valuable only as they are capable of producing uniform good stock. The progressive farmer having come to a correct conclusion as to what constitutes excellence in a good steer, and knowing what kind of cows he has to breed from, would naturally inquire, "How shall I know a good bull?" And what are the characteristics of a good breeding bull? As a law of nature, "like tends to produce like." A bull tends to breed like himself. He transmits to his offspring that only which he has himself. If his ancestors, both male and female, were uniform in all that constitutes excellence, and he is individually good, he may be depended upon for producing good stock. But if part of his ancestors only were good, and the others bad, he may transmit to his offspring bad qualities as well as good. He can transmit to his offspring only what he has himself. What he has is mainly derived from his ancestors, yet he may have lost or gained by a good or bad system of breeding, feeding and training. Hence the pedigree of a bull should be good. This is of first importance. That is, as nearly all the blood in his veins as possible should be derived from good ancestors. A short pedigree, with only five or six sires, if they were all good, may be worth more than a long pedigree descended from Favorite, if the last five or six sires were inferior bulls. A long pedigree is not necessarily a good one, nor a short pedigree absolutely a bad one. The value of a pedigree is estimated not only by its length but also by its quality. In selecting a bull to breed from, the value of his dam should be taken into consideration as well as that of the sire; her milking qualities should not be overlooked. A bull from a cow that is a good milker is worth more, other things being equal, than one from a poor milker. As hinted above, the value of a bull depends upon his power to produce uniform good calves. Some bulls, of great individual merit, lack this power, while other bulls throw calves better than themselves or the cows to which they are bred. This latter is one of the characteristics of a good bull.

It is impossible for any one to always tell how bulls will breed until they are tested; yet the intelligent and careful farmer or herdman can guess, with approximate certainty, as to the general character of the get. A good breeding bull must not only be like a bull, but he must look like a bull; that is, he must not look like a cow; he must be masculine in appearance. And this holds good as well in the pure Shorthorn as in the scrub or any other breed. A good bull is as much entitled to the peculiar eye, head, horn, neck, shoulders and chest that it characterizes him as a male, as a man is entitled to his beard and the peculiar expression of the countenance. A bull with light jaws, narrow face and forehead, slim horns, thin neck and shoulders, is seldom an impressive sire of good things. He must be masculine in appearance. This does not imply that he must be coarse; on the contrary, he should be fine. Coarseness may be defined as unevenness, while fineness is the result of uniformity. Each part should be such that it fits smoothly and evenly to those adjoining it.

As has been said above, a bull is valuable only as his breeding is valuable. This depends, of course, to some extent, upon the cows to which he is used. Great extremes between sire and dam seldom match well together. The intelligent breeder, in making selections of his breeding bull, will have regard to the cows with which he is to be coupled. If they are under size, he will select a bull of good size, one that is not too large. Great extremes don't mix well. If his cows are very large and inclined to breed too much bone for the amount of flesh, he will select a bull of rather compact form and good fleshy qualities, but one that is not too much under size. The skillful breeder, before selecting his bull, should determine what he wants, and should be able to give an intelligent reason why he wants him; and, after having made his purchase, should know how to use him. The ability to answer intelligently to what, why and how, is as indispensable to the successful breeder of neat cattle, as it is to the man in any other profession.

RETIREMENT OF BRO. DYAS.

Bro. Dyas, in his last circular to Granges, intimates his intention of retiring from the Secretaryship of the Dominion Grange, a position which he has held since its organization. In his valedictory he says:—

"On the 2nd day of June, 1874, when, with a handful of members and an empty exchequer, we organized our Dominion Grange, I accepted the position of Secretary. Since that date we have had many troublesome times; but we made a good fight, and have come through conquerors. The Dominion Grange is now morally, numerically, and financially, a success, and as it was with the idea of aiding it to become so that I accepted office, now that the fact is accomplished, I feel that I have a right to retire, and allow some other brother to go on with the work. This will be my last circular to you as Secretary of the Dominion Grange, as I feel compelled to decline re-election. The Grange is now such a success in Canada that the work in connection with the Secretary's office is more than I can do justice to, and I wish to see the position held by some one who can give it more time and attention than I possibly can. I thank you all for the many kind words and friendly letters of which I have from time to time been the recipient, and I especially thank you for the patience with which you have rested under the many delays which are inseparable from the working of a new organization by new hands."